

Weed Was Not the Way to Get the Job by gaypaladinosaur

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Crack Fic, I'm Sorry, M/M, That's it, and he meets the pixie anime girl called will byers, anyway, because he wants a job, i've wrote one crack fic and one comedy-serious fic, mike gives weed to his boss, this is a joke, this is not a serious account, y'all really thought this was a serious account

Language: English

Characters: (kinda) - Character, Lonnie Byers, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler thinks it's a good idea to sell weed to get a job. Turns out it's not.

Weed Was Not the Way to Get the Job

Author's Note:

why did i write this

Mike Wheeler brought weed to his job interview, thinking it would make it easier for his future boss (he hoped) to warm up to him — not only his weed brownies tasted delicious, people made bad decisions when high; needless to say that hiring Mike would be a bad decision. Before his future boss started asking questions, Wheeler offered the brownies.

"I made these for you this morning, they're fresh off the oven." That was **the first lie**. Mike did not know how to cook. He bought those from his former dealer last month and warmed it in the microwave.

"Thinking you can buy me with food, huh?", the man joked and Mike froze. "I'll take one. Now, after seeing your resume..."

His future boss continued asking him stuff as he bit the brownie. One bite, a compliment. Two, three, four, five bites in a row. He was already getting groggy. Great.

"What is in this cookie?"

"*Brownie*, sir."

"Yeah, that."

"Just...flour, eggs, chocolate and a bit of love."

"You know what? I think I've seen enough. You're hired." Mike's face immediately lit up. His plan had worked. He was so happy.

"Thank you, sir—"

"Excuse me, dad?"

He turned his head to the beautiful boy at the door. He looked like he was his age, he had shiny brown hair and a very stupid bowl cut that

somewhat made him even more charming. Wheeler's heart jumped a little.

"What?", his future boss answered, taking the last bite of the marhuana brownie.

"I hate to interrupt, but—", he started, stopping when smelling a funny scent. "What is that smell?"

"Huh?"

"You smell like...", he sniffed the air, trying to guess what it was. His face formed a frown when he recognized it. "...weed." He stopped and looked at the black-haired boy in front of him. "Did you give him weed?"

Well, shit.

"W-what?! No, of course not—"

"That brownie. It was a marhuana brownie, wasn't it?"

"I-I...", but he couldn't say anything. It was over.

"I'm calling the police."

"But I—" But he was already dialing the number: 9-1-1.

Mike was so screwed.

The cute boy just kept on staring at him angrily. Wheeler tried hard not to blush. He was literally going to jail. But he was just so attractive...

The police didn't take long to arrive and, after the bowl cut prince told them what happened and they checked the crumbs of weed brownie that were in his father's desk, Mike was handcuffed and arrested for drugging someone to make them do something they wouldn't in their right state of mind. Also they found the pot he kept in his pocket, so. Yay.

He couldn't believe the sexy anime-haired guy had reported him. He

wished he could see him again — and maybe make out with him, if he wanted to, of course. So Mike was dragged to jail, sighing, wondering if that was where his life was going to end.